

Deliver the Giver

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Make the First Song of Your Album Happy

make the first song of your album
happy, make the first song of your
album glad. set the whole world to
reelin & a-wonderin how they've been
missing what they never had. make the
next breath that you take this lifetime,
the very last breath that you'll
squander away. patch & sew your
tattered heart. you'll find the needle in
the hay. your whole life ain't no pile
of shit. how the fxck you gonna make it
better, when you're just wasting it?
take the road of none before you, clasp
the hand that you'll meet there. your
true self is beyond the ego. when you
choose truth, you're choosing dare.
welcome the traveler weary & worn.
offer your bed, not a pillow of stone.
the burdened heart is burdened by love.
to journey well is to transcend alone.

Always with a Boy

i'm taking drinks of your essence with my eyes. i am starving in your presence, it's my demise. with my gaze there are feelings in you i hope i'm stirring, but you look back at me like i'm soaked in urine. always with a boy. they're always with a boy. she's referenced as someone's girlfriend. yeah buddy, thanks for the tip. well don't you know i'm to be treasured? born on a pirate ship. they say you'll have it when you don't want it. well, that's quite the plan, because i'm having as much luck as the elephant man. always with a boy. they're always with a boy. well, you see them at the pool, or on your way to school. you're a genius in disguise as a perfect fool. you do your Masters & your Thesis on a fact that's true. that the guy the girl is with, sure as hell ain't you. always with a boy, they're always with a boy. STARVING. lament the pretty girls "Oh boys, they are so mean. why won't he love me & treat me just like a queen?" yet at the same time don't want your men too keen. meanwhile a thousand (who finishes?) last place guys unwanted & unseen. dark in the psyche the truth therein lurks. you wonder why it falls apart & seldom ever works. could it be

because women are attracted to total jerks? resulting dysfunction just one of the perks. yeah, my sympathy for your plight is kind of at zero. i'm the outhouse attendant to your tinfoil hero. snap your fingers to fill those shoes. i snap my fingers to sing the blues. i see you sitting there, i'm sitting there too. i'm in an electric chair, well that's nothing new. you hold a pardon, for which i am due. here comes your boyfriend, yeah he'll pull the switch for you. always with a boy, you're always with a boy. magnetic love you can't make it stay. the more you reach for it, further it gets away. isolation, despair, you can't hold at Bay. you & Zeller's fellas decay where you lay. a sting operation & the flower's the bait. after this date she'll be running late. your bank account is her real soulmate. a banquet of crap & you've got a full plate. so unattainable & so sublime. leaves you with a shallow grave mountain to climb. you grow like a tree cut down in your prime. it's become a crime how you've run out of time. i call B.S. on many fish in the sea. sure don't seem like many fish to me. Pandora's Box & we all turn the key. stand against Mother Earth lobotomy. i'm not talking days, i'm talking years. i hate to be the

one to confirm your fears. you're gonna
be alone, inverted throne. hollow
machine, without a bone. navigating the
sewer tide, poisoned compass chart
suicide. i'm here to relieve you, in
hopes not to grieve you. let despairs be
the thing to have died. doesn't anyone
believe in love anymore?

Limited Lifetime Warranty

well this sucks at a thousand percent,
got worry & excuses to pay the rent.
never knew what she meant when she
gave me up for Lent. before she left
the cat pissed in the vent, oh yah.
endless blues, i got no shoes & there's a
bottomless pit to the parking meter.
without a muse, i'm on the 6 o'clock
news. cannibal dream girl & i tried to
meat her, oh yah. the rules stay the
same so you can't win the game, while
ego plays you like a two bit whore.
insurance claim on a train wreck dame.
they'll give you their two cents, but
not a penny more, oh yah. the Money
Lords say that you can win, while a

Church of Lies fills your mind with
sin. the heart is a compass, so follow it
well. it's the only thing to lead you out
of Hell, oh yah. with a greedy stance,
you can advance. 9 to 5 slave with a
head full of trance. the girls at the
dance never gave me a chance. look at
me like i've got leprosy in my pants, oh
yah. taking the flak, they call me a
hack. vivisect my dreams with puppy dog
eyes. i've got the nack to see what i
lack. Apathy Olympics & we all win a
prize, oh yah. what went wrong with my
three minute song? disdain in the crowd
& a bill at the bar. buck up be strong,
but you don't belong. modern love is
pissing in a jar, oh yah. the deepest
choice that we truly own, is towards the
evil that we condone. with silent
approval at a buffet of Lies, you'll get
your fill while the Planet dies, oh yah.

Better

well, i know now i should have known then. if i could show how, but she's (V) not my friend anymore. they say that life is what you make it. well, most people, they just choose to fake it. pulling lies from their very core. no say i, don't wanna live like that anymore. slow down the river. i'm drowning ahead of the game. show me forever. call my heart by its secret name. buried, i hurried. i was worried & scurried for a protection that crumbled as i stumbled for home. the chains that bind us, like the light that can blind us, remind us love will find us so we'll no longer roam. Broken, my heart was spoken. my thoughts are dead birds at the temple door. i'll lay them in the woods, then come knock some more. they'll treat you like a slave, have you fight their War. does your meager pay-cheque make you less of a whore? you need some money, maybe go to the store, but when you check your pockets, find you don't have anymore. Life could squash me just like a bug, or this screwed society sweep me under the rug, but for all the things for which i've fought, i'll stand & say "is that All

you've got? are you sure you don't have anymore?"

Maybe You'll Hear This

walking a little prouder through the landscape that's within. clear-cut forests growing back with a chance for me to win the air that i already breathe, or the things that are within my sight. if tomorrow is too too late i'm gonna turn it around tonight. got mistakes to last me a lifetime, but time in life to live. what's real, true & sublime is what i wanna give. gonna wave me a white white flag & sculpt the field amends. i can't go back at all, but i can make those wounds my friends. cause it's not today i'm gonna give away the person i've fought to be. see it's not okay for me to betray the things that make me free. i saw you. you didn't see me & i quickly made exit the scene. you didn't need to be reminded of the person that i had been to you. there's no excuse & there's nothing that i could say to make it better at all or to make

it go away. but right now all i can do
is be true to this life i'm a-livin & if
not from you, from being true, i'm gonna
find that i'm forgiven.

Your Mother's on the Phone

this song sucks, but so do you. your life
is a toilet & you're the poo. all your
friends wish they could flush you away,
but the handle's stuck & you're here to
stay. oh yah. this song is lame, but it's
really a mirror. i'm gonna give you
some advice that you don't wanna hear.
it's on yourself you wanna do the work
& maybe you could see that if you
weren't such a jerk. oh yah. you know,
you really hurt my feelings the other
day, when you did the equivalent of spit
in & slap my face at the very same
time. you destroyed our friendship so
efficiently. & then the really funny
thing was you made out as if it was my

fault, when all you had to do was admit that you screwed up and i woulda forgiven you in a second. but i guess you'd rather have your pride than our friendship. why is that? could it be cause you're an asshole? you're an asshole. this song is judged, but is judgment so cool? when you're putting down others, does that make you a fool? & while your friends laugh, play & frolic, you're mastering the Art of being an alcoholic. oh yah.

Report from the Trenches

living, living in flight from your father's disapproval. now you do snow removal on the weekends. living hardly at all, wish you got that one phone call to invite you to the ball with Cinderella ("he's quite the fella"). wishing that you could break free of these old patterns, that have you orbiting Saturn like a loser (you're quite the chooser). taking drinking over thinking, it's amazing how you're sinking, the engine light's blinking.

i was calling while you're falling, but
in the end you just left me blue,
bawling, like a little baby bird. you
better watch out, it's coming down hot.
the cold shoulder's got a chip on it. you
better not shout, you better not cry.
you better not pout, you better not
sigh. i'm telling you why. girls are
fucked in the head. better to be a
zombie & date the dead. if you're kind,
thoughtful & giving, you think in girls
you'd be living, but once you show
you're committed she's done. she's
already conquered you, she's had her
fun. but you gotta grow up & be a man,
take the higher road if you can. you
can't blame the world for what's within.
the path of courage is where to begin.
where to begin? where to begin, cause...

Generic

gorgeous with a rebel heart. was with
that girl, can't tell you her name. guess
in the end we didn't feel the same. i
sold myself for bus-fare, but the bus
never came. oh, where is she now? why

she's gone & how. in realms of the heart
i thought i'd outflank her. i'm a third
world nation & she is the banker. she
abandoned ship with me tied to the
anchor. oh, textbook crash & burn. take
a look, what yah need to learn? it's
like she's a stranger that i knew for
awhile. now she's a stranger again with
me in the discard pile. i was crucified
on the shores of her smile. though i
take a final breath, accepting i am left.
so not too much for me to say. in the
battle to share you abandoned the fray.
give myself this much, fuck you anyway.
though not to complain, oh what's a
little rain? hey, i know it's time to let
go. erase the forces that cheat & rob.
take it slow & try to grow. she's a
rainbow cactus doorknob.

Wasn't Invited

well, it's another day of wasting away &
you'll be lucky just to survive. you
reach for the stars through caged happy
hour bars. congrats on still being
alive. you gotta fight to win. you gotta
fight to begin. you gotta fight not to

wallow in shit. another bankrupt
December, you gotta fight to surrender.
if defeat's the dream then you're living
it. the future feels spent with no funds
to be lent. shortsighted vision that
can't afford glasses. you get advice:
"Don't panic", making minimum wage on
the Titanic. hidden job description to
kiss all their asses. you know in your
core, that you're worthy of more, but
blackhole habits you just can't escape.
so you drink & you cuss & like the rest
of us, you sit around & witness Earth
Rape. Loneliness won't leave me alone.
my girlfriend is an ever recurring bag
of potato chips. i'm unwelcome at my own
funeral. they misspelled my name on the
headstone. your soulmate is a fabled
messiah. true love is a religion, as
filthy as the gutter they'll leave you
in. trust no illusions. believe only
truth. they want you to crucify
yourself. they have stocks in the nail
factory. you get so tired. feel like a
shell. tree that reaches Heaven, has its
roots in Hell. most all you knew, was
the hangman's tree. it's exhausting
living as who you think you should be.
there were many times when you could
have died. few understand how hard you
tried. but you've been through a lot, so
hold your head high. don't live out the

body, but let the spirit die. so easy to give up. it dulls the pain. it's gonna take a lot of strength for you to care again. but you have it within you & it means the world for your endless beauty to be unfurled. Let It Get Easier.

Fleeting Greeting for Your Voicemail

leave me a message or you won't. leave me your love or you don't love me.

16 in April

i'm so blocked, don't even know i'm blocked. you left a message, but we never talked. i called you back several times. my legal team's a bunch of mimes. unfinished art on these walls. rebuild the temple, but it always falls. this studio a place where i need to be, but i'm always assaulted by your memory.

how many times have i tried only to fail? how many crimes have put me back in jail? i'll never make the bail. it'll be 16 in April. so i'm burnt, i'm blocked, i'm a pile of nails. i've gone & made tents out of all my sails. concentration camps out for the weak end. some was real & some pretend. we've lost an illusion & gained the same. between wellness long spaces, callous finger of blame. the puzzle is scattered, a fine & a mess. the piece that's missing is bridged forgiveness. i bought a car, save the frill. lost the ride, but make the payments still. every week in the mail a bill. of debtor's prison i've had my fill. it's interest i'm paying and always will, for the initial sum goes down nil. how many times has this left me ill? how many grand passed through my hand? it'll be 16 in April.

While You Were Sleeping

so hard to grieve for the Power that kills, when you're up to your eyeballs just to pay your bills. you got a bit for the bar & other cheap thrills. governments in power, outdated mentality. the death of your hopes not the only fatality. they're killing the Earth with such finality. they'll drown you in poison, but tempt you with honey. Rumpelstiltskin banks weaving blood into money. your sitcom diversion, is it really funny? you're a prisoner of something, but you don't know what. yah they're dividing it up, did you get your cut? was it you who said of Mother Earth, she's your favorite slut. North American culture like a top twenty hit. it's so digested for you that it's already shit. you're dreaming of a new world, now be one with it. don't pay respects to yourself like you're already dead, when rainbows of thought can unfold in your head. you pulled the book from the fire & it can still be read. strength comes mainly from the choice to be strong. to higher power within truly seek to belong. you got an angel inside you & it's never wrong. find value in yourself so you can thrive. you can down this fucker, don't

take a dive. we're blessed to have you,
that you're still alive.

Sew Lonely (These Daze)

i'm so lonely these days. i need someone.
maybe share some loving, maybe share
some fun. i need you girl, like Luke
needs Darth. if it was the Winter time
baby, i would be your scarf. i'm so
lonely & i don't care. i'm not wearing
any underwear. i'm so lonely these days.
my friends betray me. i'd like to give
them the gift of a lobotomy. but fxck
my friends, all i want is you. take a
time out baby please, see that this love
is true. i'm so lonely & i don't care. i'm
not wearing any underwear. i'm so
lonely these days. i wish you were here,
but all i feel inside is the nearness of
fear. maybe not much time for me left
in this world. i'm like a dog abused, in
the corner curled. i'm so lonely & i
don't care. i'm not wearing any
underwear.

Fancy Pants Anthem

i am captain fancy pants, let's do a fancy pants dance. they say that beats put you in a trance, but not if you're a fancy pants. i had to endure fear's rushing lance, but now i'm a fancy pants. political forces flex their might. so many people on the left & right. i just say fancy pantses unite & we'll fancy pants dance our way out of this plight. break it down, break it way way down like a properly combined meal to the multifaceted digestive enzymes of the stomach. i've got some presence in the present & i'm going to wrap it. hey there mister disc jockey. to the beats you are never mockey. you're not phat, you're totally obese. so why not go after the golden fleece & hit us with your beats, beat us. you're not bad, you're a miscreant. (janis joplin sample) adorned with illustrious pants from a fancy knowledge realm, fancy pantses all over the globe have the heaviest burden of illuminating the way for the entire World with Peace, Love & Fancy Pantsness. on a cosmic scale the fancy pants movement knows the immense responsibility of harmonizing the

slaughterhouse, brainwashed insane
asylum known as Planet Earth. soldiers
& terrorists, lay down your weapons &
pull up your fancy pants. governments
of the world, who serve your people
mostly in theory, wash the bloodstains
off your greedy hands so as not to stain
your fancy pants & join us. global
financial elite, upon whose conscience
not even the tortuous death of millions
upon millions yearly can stain, bestow
your slave labour, country large
workcamps with a fancy pants future.
complicit, apathy laden privileged
hoarders & wasters of the rich northern
societies who watch sitcoms & play video
games while billions starve, are
murdered & live in poverty... WE ARE
ALL ONE FAMILY IN THE EYES OF
FANCY PANTSNESS. LIBERATE YOUR
MINDS BY UPGRADING YOUR PANTS.
FANCY PANTSES OF THE WORLD UNITE. i
am a fancy pants/he is a fancy pants/she
always wears fancy pants/do you know a
fancy pants? could you be a fancy
pants?/fancy pants/say goodbye to the
world without fancy pants/i believe in
fancy pants/don't ever let them tell you
that you can't have your fancy pants/i
love you for your fancy pants.